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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1906.

Is Patrick Demented?

The governor of New York has commuted the sentence pronounced upon Albert T. Patrick, accused of the murder of the millionaire Rice, tried many times, and finally condemned to death by the courts of the State. Instead of death in the electric chair, Patrick will now spend the poor remnant of his life in prison. Gov. Higgins has so declared, and no doubt he plumes himself upon a demonstration of mercy and indulgence. Higgins seems to be an innocent and well-meaning person. Let us leave him to his harmless and amusing infatuation!

Looking over the history of the Patrick case, we find that he was arrested October 3, 1900, charged with the murder of William M. Rice, a week or so before. Simultaneously, one C. F. Jones was taken into custody by the New York police. Patrick had been Rice's attorney. Jones had been the dead man's servant and valet. In February, 1901, Jones confessed that he had murdered Rice. He added, however, that Patrick had instigated him. So, in the amazing evolution of New York justice, Jones went free and Patrick was condemned to death! A murderer, according to his own acknowledgment, received the favor and commendation of the New York courts, and Patrick, accused by this assassin, was condemned to death—on the testimony of a self-confessed felon and a notorious perjurer and all-around criminal! In the great and bustling metropolis, which looks down upon such forlorn communities as Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis, it was generally accepted and agreed to that Patrick had introduced into the twentieth century the practices of witchcraft which, two or three hundred years ago, had condemned men to the dungeon and sacrificed women to the fagot and the stake. A more abominable revival of the cruelty and superstition of the Middle Ages we have never seen or heard of!

But Gov. Higgins goes further. He says with becoming sorrow that Patrick has lost his mind and is now obviously insane. And right here we experience a genuine relief in finding ourselves at perfect accord with the esteemed governor of New York. Of course poor Patrick is crazy. We can easily believe it. Six years ago he was accused of murdering his client, William M. Rice. Immediately afterward Jones, the valet, confessed that he himself had murdered Rice, but pleaded the hypnotic influence of Patrick. Is it any wonder that Patrick, sentenced to death for a crime committed by somebody else, has gradually gone mad after six long years of effort to reconcile the action of the New York courts with the common sense of ideas of justice and common sense?

In our opinion, Patrick has a right to go crazy. As a matter of fact, we do not see how he could be otherwise!

Nevertheless, any embryonic republic hankering for independence and a canal may just as well take notice now that this is Uncle Sam's busy day.

What We Need Is Corn Bread.

Just on the eve of his departure for Europe for the winter, Col. Henry Watterson uttered some timely and apt remarks on the bread we eat. Marne Henry deplors the virtual impossibility of obtaining in any part of the United States, and especially his beloved Southland, the corn bread he used to eat when a boy. Although his logic is somewhat sophistical, he reasons syllogistically in this way:

"The race was healthier and stronger when I was a boy."

"Corn bread formed a principal part of the diet then."

"Ergo, either no corn bread at all or poor corn bread is responsible for the ills of the citizen and the body politic to-day."

Technically a faulty syllogism, but it undoubtedly contains a great truth. We agree with Col. Watterson that we are worse off for the lack of the wholesome corn bread that our forebears used to feast upon. We eat entirely too much wheat bread. Indisputably the cause of the change is twofold: The secret of the proper preparation of corn bread died with the old black mammy, and the development of the milling industry in the North-west has supplanted the place in the larger part to be occupied by the corn-meal barrel with the wheat-flour sack. The cooking of corn bread is a higher art than the preparation of wheat bread. Col. Watterson knows some of the secret, but not the essential part of it. He tells us, for example, that the meal must come from white flint corn, around coarse so as to leave a bubble of air in every particle during the cooking process. There are then needed only a little salt and water "and a good cook." As we before observed, it is the latter part of the colonel's recipe which is unobtainable in this day of the ever-present and perplexing servant-girl problem. It is possible, of course, to have the corn ground in just the right way, though even that is not done much now. It is also possible to mix the simple ingredients in just the proper proportions. But there is still lacking one of the chief essentials—the good cook. Where is she to be found?

What passes for corn bread in these degenerate days is for the most part an abomination. Here in the Nation's Capital there is not more than one public eating house where anything resembling the real article is obtainable. In a few private houses—particularly in some of the fine old homes of dear old Georgetown—pretty fair corn bread still forms a part of the

daily diet. But in the garish mansions of the rich who have reared piles of stone and brick to serve as their habitats "in the social season," good corn bread is a rarity. We doubt not that these opulent persons would revel in the gastronomic delights of corn bread if they were able to secure it. But, alas, there's the rub!

John Chamberlin used to provide his patrons with real corn bread. But, alas and alack! death always loves a shining mark, and so John Chamberlin was cut down all too early. High revel amidst a flow of soul and a brilliant flash of wits used to be of daily occurrence at Chamberlin's. That was when the nation's great men were fed on corn pone by the genial John. His ether was unwilling or unable to transmute the mystery of its preparation to his heirs and assigns. The result was the closing of the place made famous by his corn bread, soon after his death. And we strongly suspect that another result is manifesting itself in the disruption of parties, the jarring quarrels between the co-ordinate branches of the government, the rapid multiplication of problems with which the statesmanship of the period seems unable to cope, and the general chaos that presides at the intellectual altimeter that accompanies dyspepsia, forebodes and proclaims.

The big life insurance companies will continue under the same old management, therefore, you need look for nothing new, striking, or unusual in the supply of blotters, calendars, and things.

Cheaper Gas—Of Course!

Why not consider on its merits this proposition to reduce the price of illuminating gas in Washington? On the face of things it certainly seems that this city ought not to pay more for gas than other cities are paying. Why are we doing it? If gas can be manufactured and distributed at a handsome profit for 75 cents per 1,000 feet—and everybody knows it can—why should the people be compelled to pay a dollar?

Senator Gallinger tells us that he reported the 80-cent gas bill adversely last session because the people showed no interest in it. The District Commissioners, also, we learn, saw no imprudence in continuing the excessive rate, since there was no outcry against it. We confess, however, that we do not quite comprehend the policy of the authorities, District and Congressional, in thus perpetuating an arrangement, obviously wrong and oppressive, simply because the community complacently submits to it.

Have the District Commissioners a high duty in the premises? Might they not reasonably be expected, even in the absence of public clamor, to take an interest in a question so important and insist that the people of the Capital be fairly dealt with? Would Senator Gallinger, if he were mayor of his home town in New Hampshire, see no harm in his people being mugged, so long as they did not complain? Would Chairman Babcock—but he gives up his seat soon, and we'll let him pass—see no harm in a disposition, we discover, to question the motives of Mr. Madden, of Chicago, who is championing a 75-cent gas bill. This is perfectly natural. Possibly he may be doing it to popularize himself at home. But what bearing has that upon the merits of the proposition itself? It is the usual thing, we know, to question the motives of public men. For example, it has been said and is believed by some people that the Washington Gaslight Company has aided Congressmen in their private correspondence, and that the company's motive was to get more money for gas than Chicago, Indianapolis, and other cities pay, statement which cannot for the life of them understand why so untimely a subject as gas should obtrude itself at this juncture, when so little time remains for Congressional work?

However, the proposition is bound to receive attention. There is no doubt of it. The price of gas in Washington will be reduced. There is a large majority of Senators and Representatives uncontrolled by gas-house influence, and the people of Washington heretofore have not going to be as complacent and acquiescent and meekly submissive as they have been. They will be heard from. The newspapers will champion their cause, of course.

As a matter of fact, as the situation now stands, a reduction in the price of gas is so inevitable that it is a wonder that the Washington Gaslight Company, in the line of good business methods, does not, without further delay, voluntarily lower the rate to 75 cents per 1,000 feet at most—and thus forestall Congressional action. It would be the wise thing to do. The company may do it. Who knows?

It is stated that Mr. Rockefeller gets \$150 every time the clock ticks; and he sees to it that the clock never runs down, too.

Ice Trust Methods.

Action has been begun by Attorney General Mayer, of the State of New York, against the American Ice Company for the purpose of ending the monopoly exercised by that trust and preventing the continuance of its unlawful and extortionate methods of business. If the allegations made in the attorney general's complaint are true, it is not hard to understand why Hearst polled so large a vote as candidate for governor.

The American Ice Company's assets, according to the complaint, amounted to over \$5,000,000 on June 30 last. This sum, over \$3,000,000 represented no tangible property whatever, being simply the capitalization of good will; in other words, capitalization of the power of monopoly. On December 1 of this year the trust paid a dividend on its heavily watered stock of 9 per cent. It was able to pay this splendid dividend because it controlled practically the entire ice supply of the city of New York, and was in a position to demand and get higher prices for its product.

The attorney general's complaint alleges that the trust secured control of the Maine ice field and reduced the harvest there from 1,500,000 to 500,000 tons. In this way the so-called famine of last summer was created. Agreements were reached with independent concerns for the restriction of their output and sales. The trust controls the landing depots in New York, and owns all but 17 of the 141 ice houses on the Hudson. It thus had a complete monopoly of the sale and distribution of ice in New York and surrounding country. The price of ice was increased from \$2.20 a ton at the depots of supply to \$5 and \$6 a ton to the independent dealers, who are also controlled by the company, and who supply retail customers. By the time the ice reached the "common people" of Oppers' cartoons it cost \$10 to \$14 a ton. This ice, it is asserted, cost the

trust \$1.94 a ton. No wonder the American Ice Company could make a profit ranging, according to the bill of complaint, from 71 to 84 per cent, and pay a dividend of 9 per cent on a swollen capitalization.

Money wrung by extortion from helpless consumers of a universal necessity is an exact description of the ill-gotten gains of this predatory corporation. Its practices, assuming them to be correctly described by Attorney General Mayer, have been under the ban of the common law for centuries. They ought not to be tolerated in any civilized community. It will be a strange commentary on Mr. Roosevelt's centralization speech if the sovereign State of New York shall fail in its plain duty to bring such a wanton and unscrupulous lawbreaker as the ice trust to the bar of stern and unrelenting justice.

Some one makes the happy suggestion to the courts that they take to fining the railroads a larger sum than the amount of the rebates. It does seem strange that they never thought of that.

The average number of persons in an American family in 1890 was 5.3. Now it is only 4.7. If that doesn't bring forth a Presidential message, sharp and to the point, the country will want to know why.

There are sixteen distinct and separate political parties represented in the German Reichstag, and the leaders all commenced talking at once the Emperor fired the entire body, and nobody blames him.

Notwithstanding the well-known fact that Uncle Joe is standing fast, Congress decided to give him a raise, anyhow. Perhaps Congress thinks Uncle Joe is bluffing.

Hon. John Wesley Gaines wants Congress to provide every member with a typewriter. This may scare Senator Platt into resigning.

Mr. Bryan's Commoner says the "conservative, or safe and sane" element, so-called, of the Democratic party, are trying to sneak in and capture the party organization again. At all events, Mr. Bryan may console himself with the thought that they will most probably not get anywhere with it, to speak of even if they succeed in its capture.

Eugene Higgins, the blind millionaire, said to be about to marry Emma Calve, the great singer, says: "I have never even seen the lady." Rather ingenious way of denying the soft impeachment, but no one ever intimated that he had seen her.

Those woman "suffragettes" who were arrested for disorderly conduct in London, explain that they were simply attempting to "give voice to their desires for the same rights that men enjoy." They got them in this instance.

Senator Bailey claims "twenty-three votes in the Texas senate." That looks ominous for Bailey.

The Dreadnought has two big dents in her side, and one can account for them. The big battle ship must have bumped into a ferryboat.

Mr. Roosevelt says he will abandon it in public documents, but keep up simplified spelling in his private correspondence. That's no guarantee that it will not finally get into the papers, however.

An English physician says: "Autism develops in people who never previously knew they had any." No doubt you have noted the tremendously developed nerve of some of those scorchers.

"Money is tight," says a market item from New York. Money ought to join the usual New Year water-wagon brigade.

Is Senator Dubois hankering for membership in the Ananias Club?

Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, now wants to submit his proposed compromise with the street people to the votes of the citizens before putting it into effect. Has the mayor found his "immediate municipal ownership" ideas to be nothing more than a rediscussed dream?

The dragging, lagging, and hesitating you note about the ship of state is caused by Senator Clark, of Montana, "resting on his oars."

It is said that Richmond has worked its population up to something over 100,000 by annexing practically all of Eastern Virginia. That's the proper spirit; when you start out to expand, expand!

Naturally, Secretary Shaw's statement that the country is suffering from excessive prosperity brings forth tolerant but doubting smiles just at this time.

The French courts have decided that Boni de Castellane must pay his debts. If the court has any way of enforcing its order, there isn't a doubt that Boni will be an interested spectator.

Mr. James Bryce, the English Ambassador to us, is said to be a good fisherman. He is real, sure enough, an ambassadorial size, he is doubtless also a good fish-story teller.

The statement that Emperor William of Germany employs 3,000 servants isn't surprising. The great monarch right here in Washington who feel perfectly sure they have employed as many as that in a single year.

We have it from their own mouth that neither the railroads nor the mine owners are responsible for the coal famine. The wicked people just burn too much coal.

Copper as Barometer of Trade.

From the Review of Reviews.

This is an electrical age. Therefore copper is one of the most accurate barometers of trade. In some respects it is a better gauge of developments in the industrial world than are iron and steel. Between 1885 and 1905 the production of it increased 150 per cent. In the same ten-year period the output of iron and steel rose 145 per cent. Copper as a medium is doing in many ways what iron and steel cannot do. Its position is somewhat analogous to that of concrete as related to brick. The new form produces the same results as the old, and at a lower rate of cost.

A Life For Sale.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.

"I have but one life, madam; but you are welcome to it," he cried.

But he wasn't an ardent author; he was only a book agent selling biographies.

A Two-spot.

From the Houston Post.

"The stork played the deuce with that family."

"What did he do to them?"

"Took them a pair of twins."

UP TO YOU.

Would you win a name and place?

It's up to you.

Would you like to set the pace?

It's up to you.

Humpty and don't you forget it.

Don't pick quarrels with the rest.

Work and labor with a zest—

It's up to you.

Would you like to win success?

It's up to you.

Simply this—no more, no less—

It's up to you.

All you have and all you get.

All you are and will be yet.

Every chance in life, you bet,

Is up to you.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE MYSTERIOUS PERIOD.

Presents stuck away and hid;

Presents under every lid.

Back of every door.

When into some drawer you'd go,

"Scat!" the women say.

What is it alarms them so?

Presents put away.

Presents in the parlor grate,

Presents in the clock.

Things enough a car to freight;

Endless is the stock.

It behind a door you peer

There is fun to pay.

What makes every one so queer?

Presents put away.

Presents under foot, it seems,

Presents overhead;

Tucked behind the garret beams,

Hide beneath your bed.

Why does every woman wear

Things the liveliest day?

Such a flushed and solemn air?

Presents put away.

Their Sad Fate.

"Faw-uh! Do the good die young?"

"It is said, Johnny."

"What do they die of, paw-uh?"

"Oh, I dunno. Starve to death, I reckon."

Still Shopping.

"My wife started in early this year."

"What did it over with, eh?"

"That's just the trouble. She hasn't gotten it over with."

At Christmas.

Man wants but little here above

Our whirling planet's core.

But woman wants the contents of

A whole department store.

Information Wanted.

"In case I can't secure a count for your daughter," inquired the marriage broker,

Would a viscount do?"

"Well, I don't know," responded the cautious millionaire. "Any discount on a viscount?"

In the Crush.

"Money is versatile."

"What do you mean?"

"When talk is useless, it knows how to gesticulate to advantage."

Manufacturing a Joke.

"I'm hard up for a joke," declared the humorist.

"There's the reliable old Christmas cigars box," suggested the friend.

"Oh, I'm not that hard up."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE PLEECUMAN.

The Pleecuman that owns all our street

From our schoolhouse to Perkins' store

An' watches ever one he'll meet

An' he's not afraid of him no more!

An' he's as big as the Pleecuman is—

He's big as Gila, an' he's got

A great big club that he could whack

Right on your head as like as not.

W'y yesterday I runned away—

Or wanted to—until I crossed

That street where all the railroads stay,

An' first thing that I know I'm lost!

An' so I cried, but just because

I'm scared at home, now, it's all right.

She'd feel so bad if Santa Claus

Don't find me when he comes again.

An' just right while I'm cryin' there,

W'y that big Pleecuman come, he did,

An' he said, 'Mister Wilton's kid!

An' I was scared! But he took hold

My hand an' said I was the best!

An' then we walked on, an' he told

Some stories, till we found our street.

The Pleecuman has eyes that squinch

All up in wrinkles when he grins,

An' he's just put my head an' pinch

My chin—An' he's got two-three

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Mr. Reid's Spare Diet.

Whitehall Road, Ambassador to the

Court of St. James, has come home for

the Christmas holidays and will spend a

good deal of the time in Washington.

While here he will, of course, be entertained much by the society and diplomatic sets, who, perhaps, are not aware that he is on a diet of very simple character, and that they must go to him for their own accordingly, so far as he is concerned. Mr. Reid's diet consists almost wholly of milk, of which he drinks copiously, and of oatmeal, the food of his hardy Scotch ancestors. It is said that for a year or more he has partaken of no other food than this, and that the strictness with which he has observed the regimen, which was prescribed for him by a famous London physician, has built up his constitution wonderfully. Mr. Reid, never possessed a superabundance of physical strength and stamina, and but for his extremely careful habits for nearly a quarter of a century, he would have been a chronic invalid long ago, if alive at all. It is reported that he is now in more robust health than he has enjoyed for many years, and that he does more hard work than he was able to do before his London physician put him on the spare diet mentioned. It is further reported that the Reids are delighted with their life in England, and that their popularity with the ruling classes over there exceeds that of any American ambassadorial family in that country for many years.

The Speaker's Lieutenant.

Contrary to the usual custom that prevails in the House, the real lieutenant of the Speaker on the floor is not now the chairman of one of the leading committees, such as Ways and Means or Appropriations. For reasons of his own, and through the force of circumstances, Uncle Joe has imposed the onerous task upon Representative James R. Mann, of Chicago. The duties are onerous, and some of Mr. Mann's friends declare that his health is breaking down under their weight. The position requires his constant attendance. The result is that Mr. Mann is among the first who take their seats in the House every day, and the last to leave. He occupies an end seat on the right of the main aisle, from which he can promptly catch the Speaker's eye in all emergencies for the making of motions, the aid of the Speaker in steering legislation in accordance with the programme previously agreed upon. The duties demand vigilance, alertness, and thorough acquaintance with every detail of pending measures. Mr. Mann, therefore, is compelled to keep close track of the calendar and know all about every bill reported from committees. In the single matter of preventing "unanimous consent" successes, the Speaker and the House are immensely indebted to him. He is a man of an immense amount of labor that would be useless in that unpopular measure would be liable to be brought up under the rule his guard would be deflected only after long wrangles. The only other two House members who are as regular in their attendance, and as watchful of legislation, are Mr. Williams, the Democratic leader, and Mr. Gilman, the Republican leader. Mr. Williams' presence is quite as important to the minority as is that of Mr. Mann to the Speaker, as the Mississippiian's duties are similar to those of the Illinoisan in respect of the Democratic programme.

Missed the Nobel Prize.

The late John Hay was not the only American statesman who narrowly missed the high honor of being awarded the Nobel prize, which recently was given to President Roosevelt for his part in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan. It is now known that had not Mr. Hay died he would have gained the prize, and, in fact, it is reported in Europe that the award to him had already been definitely decided upon when the cable announced his death. The other American in line for it is Representative Bartholdt, of St. Louis. The Missourian had made his wish known to a few close and influential friends both in the United States and Europe, and his claims were taken under serious consideration. As the most conspicuous figure in this country in the movement for universal peace through the agency of the International Court of Arbitration, Dr. Bartholdt attracted the favorable attention of the executors of the Nobel trust, as well as that of other European statesmen and publicists of world-wide renown. It may be that the prize, which seemed not wholly improbable that he would gain the prize, but that the President's great part in bringing the Russo-Japanese war to a close finally outweighed the claims of Dr. Bartholdt, who had been advanced in favor of the St. Louis Congressman.

Lowden and the Game Laws.

Representative Frank O. Lowden, the son-in-law of the late George M. Pullman, a police-magistrate, has had an experience a few years ago which has made him one of the most enthusiastic supporters in the country of the game laws. Mr. Lowden was a member of the house committee of the United League Club at Chicago in 1885, when a dinner was given by that organization to William McKinley, whose candidacy for President was then at its most critical stage. The dinner was as splendid an affair gastronomically as it was intellectually and politically. It was a happy occasion, and the local guests were a Chicago newspaper man, who is one of the leading amateur ornithologists in the United States, and who devoted a whole evening of his spare time to the study and protection of birds. The piece de resistance of the dinner consisted of grouse. The laws of Illinois prescribed heavy penalties for the killing, purchase, or possession of grouse at that particular season. The ornithologist accordingly reported the offense to the game warden the next day, and every member of the club responsible for the menu of the dinner was promptly taken to court. Among them was Mr. Lowden. There was talk of having Mr. McKinley appear as a witness against his hosts of the evening before. Mr. Lowden and his fellow-guests, ignorant of the violation of the law, were left off with the minimum fine, but never since that day has the Chicago United League Club violated the game laws of Illinois. "It was the only time I was ever ranked up by the courts and fined," said Mr. Lowden, in discussing the affair, "but it served me right, and I guess the full penalty of the law should have been imposed upon us."

Senator Dubois Will Lecture.

Friends of Senator Dubois, of Idaho, whose term will expire with the close of Congress next March, say that it is his purpose to take the lecture platform in the East early next spring and tell the people all about the Mormon question. Senator Dubois has been forced by political conditions in his part of the country to thoroughly acquaint himself with this subject, and it is conceded that he knows more about it than any man in public life, except, of course, the two Senators from Utah, one of whom, Mr. Smoot, is a member of the governing board of the Mormon Church. For more than twenty years Mr. Dubois has been fighting the church's participation in politics, and was defeated for re-election to the Senate this year by only about 500 votes on the general legislative ticket of his State. His resolute course in the pending Smoot case has aroused great interest in the Mormon issue all over the country, and especially in the East, and it is therefore believed that his presence on the lecture